gratis.

No 108

Febr. 17 29/30.

Dr. CROXALL

TO

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Ag^t Sr Robt for Denying ye Priviledge
ye Doctors Sermon is to preach before ye House of Commons
on 30. January 1728-9.

IF a Truth may be ask'd, Sir, pray what may it mean?
My Pretensions so fair, I'm not yet a Dean?
That my *Ovid*, my *Æsop*, *Circassian*, and all
The gay Things I have wrote, should not merit a Stall?
When the Muse has long begg'd, that you always should slight her,
Who had Hopes of exchanging her Wreathes for a Mitre.
By your Pride or Contempt, my Laurel's ill-fated,
Translating so often—and never *translated*.

'Tis a Slur on us Poets, our Parts and our Lines,
That the Lawn is still worn by prosaick DIVINES:
Since in Worth, and in Genius, but few can surpass us,
Who have taken a Doctor's Degree on *Parnassus*.
With Gifts from *Apollo*, whose Bosoms are fir'd,
And who preach before Kings—by the Muses inspir'd.

Had

Had you wiſely thought proper to *Dublin* or *Caſſell*
To have ſent, now your Foe, who ſo long was your Vaſſal;
My Ambition to ſooth, and gay Hopes to fulfill,
You might have been deem'd a good Miniſter ſtill;
Nor *Solomon* e'er from the Pulpit been quoted,
To prove how perverſely you've practis'd and voted.
But ſince you were pleas'd to refuſe my Requeſt,
Thank your ſelf—if I painted you none of the beſt.
If your Perſon I ſcorn, and your Counſels oppoſe,
And preach for the King, while I write for his Foes.
To ſhut 'em more cloſe, while I open Folks Eyes,
And help on that Scandal, which *Caleb* applies;
With Hints from my Sermon, inſtead of a better,
Abuſing his King, and enliv'ning his Letter.

Had your Prudence or Bounty [illegible] my Spleen
Againſt Faction or Perſons my Text had been keen;
To your Senſe and fine Parts I had yielded the Prize,
And prov'd the Prince good, and his Counſellors wiſe.

No Mortal ſo fit for ſo honour'd a Station;
Not an abler, or honeſter Sage in the Nation,
Who cou'd in more Merits or Virtues excell;
Who cou'd find 'em, or pay 'em in others ſo well.

Tho' a Stateſman ſo fam'd, yet take my Advice,
And ne'er let a Parſon ſollicit you twice.
For the Loſs of a Prebend or Deanery vext,
He knows to revenge the Affront with a Text;

With

With a Verſe out of Scripture, the *Old* or the *New*,
And with Nicety choſe, he can give you your Due!
Which this Cauſe, or that Cauſe, alike ſhall defend;
This Year ſtrike a Foe; and the next, hurt a Friend.
By Turns lend the plauſible Preacher a Sting,
To fix in pert *D'Anvers*, or injure his King.

By the Laws of the Realm, and the Church, we have Power
To ſeem learned, or ſerious, or gay for an Hour.
When the Poet may laſh, and the Preacher defame,
And draws Things unlike—exactly the ſame.
When two Things may differ—yet both may unite,
And Rebellion and Duty to Princes excite.
When a Sermon, like *mine*, both Parties ſhall Fire,
And preach'd againſt Murder, ſhall *Killing* inſpire.

When the Bays on our Beaver unite with the Roſe,
Have a Care of incenſing ſuch Orthodox Foes;
Who from Pulpit, or *Pindus*, great Miniſters ſtrike;
And all muſt be wicked we pleaſe to diſlike.
Tho' ſplenetick *P*—, and *D'Anvers* can't reach ye,
We'll call up a King of the *Jews* to impeach ye,
From a Proverb of his raiſe a petulant Laughter
At a Stateſman—tho' chriſtned four Thouſand Years after,
You may ridicule *Shippen*—and *Bolingbroke* pity,
And a *Craftſman* may miſs, when a *Parſon* can hit ye.
And your Head, with nice Judgment, a Prophecy aim,
Decyphering *Ezekiel*, to find out your Name.
By the Help of his Types not a Soul ſhall endure ye,
All the Creatures you meet—a mere *Middleſex* Jury.

Inſtead

Inſtead of your own, we can ſlily put on
The Face of the frightfulleſt Beaſt in St. *John*;
In the Shape of ſome Monſter, expos'd to Deriſion,
The Vultur or Lyon, or Bear — in the Viſion.
In the Myſtical Shadow, ſome Bourder we ſee,
A *Britiſh* no doubt — and Sir *Robert* is He.

But ſuppoſing me guilty of ſcandalous Pranks,
The Senate thought fit, not to give me their Thanks;
A kind negative Vote has done me more Right
Than the Praiſe of a 'Squire or Applauſe of a Knight;
An Author may ſure his own Sermon eſpouſe,
And Print what he Writes—without Leave of the Houſe;
Whate'er ſome may Fancy, the Profit's the ſame;
If I have it in Caſh what is wanting in Fame,
If their Smile I have loſt, their Frown does as well,
And more than true Worth their Reſentments will ſell;
Since all are ador'd, who ſhall venture to ſting
Each Perſon in Place, — and each Friend of the King;
Your Schemes to diſparage, my Wit to diſplay,
Forgive — if I ſpoke not one Word of the Day,
For, a Poet diſdain'd, I allow you no Quarter,
Poor *Charles* is forgotten — to make you the MARTYR.

FINIS.